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THE
RECOVERY;

OR, THE
TEARS of *FACTION*:

A P O E M,

OCCASIONED BY THE LATE OCCURRENCES.

By an *O X O N I A N*. *K*

FILIUS ANTE DIEM PATRIOS INQUIRIT IN ANNOS.
VICTA JACET PIETAS: ET VIRGO CŒDE MADENTES
ULTIMA CŒLESTUM TERRAS ASTRÆA RELIQUIT.

OVID METAM.

PRINTED IN THE YEAR M.DCC.LXXXIX.



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PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXII.

T O T H E
P U B L I C.

THIS Poem is presented to the Public without a particular Dedication; for the Author has but little acquaintance among the *Great*.---Nor does he pretend to apologize for it's appearance, since truth needs no apology. Men of no principle, especially if they are found in public Life, are always lawful game: and they who vary their Doctrines with the Times, now bawling for LIBERTY, and now
for

for PREROGATIVE, as occasion serves, cannot possibly be Men of Principle. The late public transactions have afforded a decided proof of the truth of these Observations. On these the Poem is founded; and it is recommended to the candid and ingenuous Public; in confidence, that they will receive it as the production of a Man who is a Friend to public Virtue in all Parties; and who regards with contempt and abhorrence every Scoundrel, whether in Church or State.

T H E

T H E

R E C O V E R Y, &c.

THOUGH CAM and ISIS taught it long,
 That princes justly may do wrong;
 That right divine is their commission
 Unclog'd by any base condition;
 Th' indignant Muse such dreams refuses,
 And a more liberal system chuses.
 And though she deems it can't be said
 Our sins were on the Sovereign laid,
had As whilom trusty CANT ~~has~~ hinted
had In that ~~old~~ fustian that he printed;
 Yet she will own, when Kings excell,
 And shew they mean the nation well,

Heaven with peculiar Care regards
 The Monarch; and his toils rewards;
 While glory crowns his pious Zeal,
 Who labours for the public weal.
 Such erst was GEORGE—till fortune turns
 The scale; and every Briton mourns.
 By numerous ills too rudely prest,
 Sweet peace forfakes the *Royal* breast,
 Ev'n to himself a stranger grown,
 And reason jostled from her throne.
 Intestine tumults vex the land,
 While faction lifts her iron hand:
 Discord at whose infernal feet,
 The sister furies take their seat,
 Collects her forces from afar,
 And calls forth all her sons to war.
 Ah! then, what storms disturb'd thy mind,
 To love and gentle peace inclin'd,

O CHARLOTTE,

O CHARLOTTE, to each Briton dear!
 For thee oft flow'd the pensive tear!
 Each tender Matron shar'd thy grief,
 Impatient for the wish'd relief;
 All but of God and Man the foes,
 With pious duty felt thy woes,
 Beheld with awe the sinking throne,
 And with thy sorrows mixt their own.

While for her King Britannia fears,
 And wearies Heaven with prayers and tears,
 His Junto Belial calls together,
 With brows of brass, and hearts of feather;
 That each may speak his hopes and wishes,
 And parcel out the loaves and fishes.

When CARLO first, as he was wont,
 (Of dark aspect and lowering front)

Rapt with his knuckles on the table,
And thus bespoke the Chiefs of Babel:—

“Heavens! what a glorious, lucky hit!

“This hour decides the fate of PITT;

“This hour thy tottering Mansion shakes,

“And every boding placeman quakes;

“This hour we seize the grand occasion,

“And mount the saddle of the Nation.

“But first, he said (and scratch'd his pate)

“I'll Secretary be of State,

“And of th' Exchequer Chancellor;

“That you shall not, most mighty Sir:

“That you have parts I must agree;

“But who can speechify like me?

“Let India and St. Stephen's tell

“How in this talent I excell,

“How all the House forgot their supper,

“While I tattoo'd old Hasting's crupper,

“Cries

- “ Cries SH-RR-D-N, (with Speech in hand)
 “ Full five hours did I graceful stand,
 “ Yet not a foul e’er thought it long,
 “ Subdued as by the power of song.
 “ Ev’n PITT that chilly, frosty elf,
 “ Rapt and almost beside himself,
 “ Altho’ he did not chuse t’encore us,
 “ In plaudits join’d the general chorus.
 “ My titles best, Sir, I can shew it,
 “ And it is fitting you should know it :
 “ The P—E has said, and I’ll maintain—
 “ But there’s no farther need t’explain—:
 “ Could I give place to any man,
 “ It were to you, O CARLO KHAN;
 “ Then might the Jewish harpies wonder,
 “ And grin and chuckle o’er their plunder.
 “ Then Israel who in days of yore,
 “ Lighten’d th’ Ægyptians of their store,

“ Might take the Nation’s Cash in hand,
 “ And drain th’ Exchequer on demand.
 “ Then might we all go pick our fingers,
 “ Or try the street as ballad fingers,
 “ Or what we please—but ’tis enough—
 “ So down he fate, and took his snuff.”

As when a Mountain in huge labour,
 (As Ætna, Hecla, or Mount Tabor)
 Groans from the Cholic inward pent,
 And shakes and roars till it find vent ;
 So rag’d the Chief of opposition,
 And thus enforc’d his proposition.—

“ Was it for this, you sniveling puppy,
 “ That from old Drury’s realms I took ye?
 “ Was it for this, you Whelp, d’ye see,
 “ I taught you first your A B C?

And

“ And from the buskin and the boards,
 “ Brought you to game and wench with Lords?
 “ To vie with me in battle politic!
 “ I’ll trounce you till I make you sick;
 “ Then fend you to your stilts again,
 “ To bounce and fret in Drury-Lane;
 “ The king of heroes and of varlets,
 “ Of candle-snuffers, players and harlots;
 “ Or to your native bogs I’ll fend ye;
 “ If that wont do—the Devil mend ye!”

When E——D, (spectacles on’s nose
 With leathern breeks and dirty hose)
 “ My friend, (quoth he) right honorable,
 “ ’Twere pity that ’twixt two so able,
 “ Of such renown’d celebrity,
 “ So pure, of such integrity,
 “ The truest champions of St. Stephen,
 “ Of worth and parts so nicely even,

“ Such

- " Such civil dudgeon should arise ;
 " Hence flow these tears, and heave these sighs !
 " Then prithee DICK, this passion smother
 " And reverence your elder brother ;
 " Thou too, my C——s, give place to reason,
 " And know, to all things there's a season.
 " But let me tell you, Mr. Testy, ^T
 " That lately you were far too hasty,
 " To prate of F———T and wedlock !
 " I wish your tongue had had a padlock !
 " Her Highness raging in the spleen
 " Bounces and frets like tragic Queen ;
 " The P—E (deuce take thee for an Agent)
 " Must lose the courtly style of R———T ;
 " Thou, chief of C———'s Council privy
 " May'st post away to BATH tantivy ;
 " And when your quarantine is ended,
 " Return prodigiously amended.

- “ Mean time the PARLIAMENT, alarm’d,
 “ Adopts the rule—forewarn’d, forearm’d;
 “ Your dream of places is in vain,
 “ For now we’re all at Sea again.
 “ Such are, if rightly I divine,
 “ The threads the fatal Sisters twine;
 “ Had I but seen the Minxes grinning,
 “ By Jove, I’d soon have spoil’d their spinning,
 “ But now I fear, ’tis much too late,
 “ And ev’n beyond the power of Fate;
 “ How much more that of feeble Man!
 “ But do we must the best we can.
 “ Since things are topsy-turvy hurl’d,
 “ And we’re at th’ backside of the world,
 “ Let us more close unite together,
 “ And thus defy both wind and weather:
 “ Nature who nothing does in vain,
 “ Has made this useful lesson plain;

- “ For all her Sons with general voice
 “ In special amities rejoice;
 “ Likenesses mingle with each other,
 “ And every DEVIL loves his brother.
 “ But one word more (my judgment teaches)
 “ Remains; for I detest long Speeches!
 “ Since what is past we can't prevent,
 “ Even let us woo the nymph Content,
 “ With gentle Patience by her side;
 “ (Oh! where, sweet Nymphs, do ye reside?)
 “ But if the Gypsies can't be found,
 “ On earth, in air, or under ground,
 “ Then learn from me; observe my fashion;
 “ Let nothing put you in a passion.
 “ Oily as butter flow your words,
 “ Tho' keen as any two-edge fwords.
 “ When the young Members clack, be civil,
 “ Altho' you wish them at the Devil;

“ Talk

- “ Talk of Darius or Hæphestion,
 “ While all roar out—the *previous Question* ;
 “ Let nought your bosom discompose,
 “ Or rob your mind of its repose :
 “ To bear with meekness still t’will be fas,
 “ Whate’er—“ *Corrigere est nefas.*”

N-RTH, who till now had silent fate,
 Rises to end the stern debate,
 Seizes with violent hand his breeches,
 As he was wont, when making speeches :
 “ How now, my bullies? what’s the matter?
 “ Cease, if you please, this horrid clatter.
 “ Why Sirs, (quoth he, in fore condition)
 “ This is a fin ’gainst Coalition !
 “ What ! shall we rate at one another?
 “ Shall brother scuffle with his brother?

“ Shall

“ Shall kindred minds with fury glow,

“ And at each other aim the blow ?”

Peleus and Atreus' sons enrag'd ;
 Had long the noisy conflict wag'd ;
 When flow the reverend Nestor rose,
 To reconcile the blust'ring foes.
 So N-RTH with equal zeal inspir'd,
 And for the Cause with ardour fir'd,
 Hastens their fury to compose,
 And deals his words among the foes.
 Yet vain had prov'd his zealous aid,
 When lo ! was seen the blue-ey'd maid ;
 Pallas in Interest's form appears,
 And in the Contest interferes ;
 One single word the Goddess said,
 The Storm was in a moment laid.

Thus

Thus when the whirlwinds lash the deep,
 And o'er the rolling billows sweep;
 Old Ocean's ruler gives the word;
 The list'ning billows own their Lord;
 The rough waves lessen from the shore,
 And tempests vex the deep no more.
 N-TH at the sudden change well pleas'd,
 At once the lucky instant seiz'd;
 Having divinely, spoke t' appease 'em,
 What follow'd could not fail to please 'em;
 Since he harangu'd of loaves and fishes,
 And such like ministerial dishes,
 Which, treated of—en Connisseur,
 He rightly judg'd, they would be sure,
 At once to rivet their attention,
 And thus accomplish his intention.
 Oh! cease, (quoth he) my SH-R-D-N,
 To stir the Bile of CARLO KHAN!

Who towers above all like a steeple,
 The mighty Monarch of the People!
 For who like him the brunt hath stood,
 And labour'd for the Public good?

“ Scarce had the doubtful down began
 “ To arm his chin and promise man,
 “ When (well I know’t) the blithsome laddie
 “ Enter’d the lists beside his daddy.
 “ Old Chatham stares and pricks his ears,
 “ Rapt and astonish’d, when he hears,
 “ The thunder of his eloquence,
 “ His manly and unrival’d sense;
 “ And wonders that a youth should dare,
 “ With him t’ engage in wordy war.
 “ Much does he envy honest Fox,
 “ Who laid this Hero on the stocks;
 “ And she who shar’d his nightly joys,
 “ And blest him with this Prince of Boys.

“ Full

“ Full oft at morn and dewy even,
 “ Would he prefer his vows to Heaven:
 O! grant me, when I take a wife,
 To share the joys and pains of life,
 A boy as learn’d, as wife as this;
 If honefter, ’twere not amifs;
 As fprightly, blythe and debonair,
 But, if you please, a thought more fair.

So faid, fo done; P-TT faw the light,
 A tall, fagacious, prudent wight,
 Not fam’d for wenching or for drinking,
 But rather given to books and thinking,
 Ordain’d the Nation’s helm to guide,
 And fteer her thro’ the dangerous tide;
 In all the parts of conflict skill’d,
 When to engage—when quit the field.

A Hero bred amidst alarms;
 A Champion worthy of thy arms!
 O! what delight, when cap-a-pee
 The frowning Chiefs engaged we see;
 With what a grace their arms they wield!
 What strokes resound from either shield!
 " With martial rage each Hero pants
 " Till morning parts the Combatants;
 " The clouds disperse; the shades are fled,
 " And with the Owls we creep to bed.

" How oft, O CARLO, did I feel
 " The sharpness of thy glittering steel,
 " When, with a Nation's cares oppress'd,
 " My chin reclin'd upon my breast,
 " His drowsy influence Morpheus shed,
 " And pour'd his poppies o'er my head.

" Short

- “ Short was my rest; for lo! thy thunder,
 “ Burst all my bands of sleeps afunder;
 “ I start; awake; and hasty rise;
 “ Thy form first meets my op’ning eyes,
 “ As hell terrific—but I’ve done;
 “ For thou and I are now but one:
 “ And might I give to each his station,
 “ My F-x should guide the helm o’ th’ nation;
 “ Thou, SH-R-D-N, should’st turn Director,
 “ Of thy own India the Protector;
 “ While SILENT E----D takes the board,
 “ And rules the Heroes of the Sword.
 “ Next L--GHB-R--GH follows at his heels;
 “ His be the conduct of the Seals.—
 “ My Boy too a good Place may merit,
 “ For, though I say it, he has spirit,
 “ And parts too that might grace a Lord,
 “ Or President at Council-board.

“ Thus having plann’d the Nation’s glory,
 “ And laid my sentiments before ye,
 “ Now we adjourn to C-RLT-N-HOUSE,
 “ And for the INS, who cares a LOUSE?
 “ Mean time, should aught arise to harm us—
 When all cried out, “ My Lord, you charm us :
 Now to the PR-NC-,” and (gain’d Admiſſion)
 They found him waiting his Phyſician.
 “ Welcome, my friends, (he roſe and ſaid ;
 “ Then graceful bow’d and wav’d his head)
 “ Although our hopes have been retarded,
 “ E’er long I’ll ſee you all rewarded ;
 “ Nor P-TT, nor TH-RL-W, by this hand,
 “ Henceforth ſhall over-rule this land.
 “ What ! ſhall a beetle-black-brow’d CHANCELLOR
 “ Dare to reſtriſt a P----E o’ th’ BLOOD, Sir ?
 “ Shall any with his fine pretences
 “ Preſume to prate of my expences ?

“ To

" To hint how great is their amount,
 " Or dare to call me to account?
 " By Heaven, Sirs, I will never bear it,
 " And by this right-hand, now I fwear it.

" Spoke like thy prototype, Prince Harry,
 " Cries C-----s; said SH-R-D-N, ay, marry!
 " Never were two so like each other;
 " Prince Harry might have been your brother!
 " And all who read that Hero's story,
 " Admire his prowess and his glory:
 " But, by the way, one fault he had,
 " And that, methinks was very bad;
 " Though it may chance, historians cheat us,
 " And of the real truth defeat us:
 " They say, when he had gain'd his ends,
 " That he forsook his quondam friends;

" And

“ And left them in a private station,
 “ Because he aim’d at REFORMATION:
 “ A farce oft acted by the Great,
 “ Who busied in affairs of State,
 “ Can seldom in July remember
 “ The Men they courted in December.
 “ I do not mean, Sir, now t’ apply,
 “ What all may see with half an eye;
 “ *A word to the wise*—when thus the R-G-NT,
 “ I wait just now a trusty Agent,
 “ With such good news as will be able,
 “ To silence all the loyal rabble.
 “ Galen’s a man of such a tiffue,
 “ We need not fear a happy Issue.
 “ He said, the other day, nay swore—
 “ My SIRE would ne’er be compos more;
 “ Then to the T----E, is but a leap,
 “ And you shall see how I can skip.

“ Of

“ Of this enough—a truce to thinking—

“ Now we set in to serious drinking.”

This comic Council soon grew joyous,

And drank about to G——E the PIOUS,

When Galen suddenly appears,

And piteously shakes his ears.

G—d z—ds (quoth he) then shook and panted;

And straightway tumbled down and fainted!

Nor more could say—for his tongue falter’d,

Like a fat rascal when he’s halter’d;

Tears flow’d at length, and up he started;

Never was rogue so tender hearted!

Then, recollecting th’ august presence,

And of his manners calling th’ essence,

He dropt at once upon his knee,

And thus address’d him, do you see.

“ Most Royal H——fs, I’d much rather

“ Have seen the funeral of my Father,

G

“ Than

- “ Than the ungrateful story tell ;
 “ But, in one word, the K—G is well.
 “ When I alighted, up comes B——R,
 “ All joy and smiles, not like a Quaker ;
 “ Next rushes W——s in, and G——E,
 “ And each a story told in his turn,
 “ That now the K—G was so much mended,
 “ He needs no more to be attended ;
 “ As cool, as rational and sedate
 “ As any wight of foundest pate.
 “ I frown’d and doubted—call’d it nonsense—
 “ But when I enter’d, on my conscience,
 “ Ne’er since my birth was I so ’frighted,
 “ To see his faculties thus righted—
 “ It looks as Heav’n indignant frown’d,
 “ And all the adverse measures crown’d.
 “ Now we no more can shew our faces ;
 “ And, worst of all ! we lose our places !

Then

Then fate—when CARLO thus began :

“ Chear up, my friend, and play the Man.

“ Let no base coward fears infect us ;

“ Courage and prudence will direct us.

“ I’ve something to communicate,

“ Will make old TH-RL-W shake his pate ;

“ Bid every placeman stare with wonder,

“ And rouse him like a peal of thunder.

“ IRELAND a better aspect wears,

“ As by these papers it appears :

“ There have they voted, (’tis no fiction),

“ The R-G-NCY without restriction.

“ F-TZG-R-LD now is on the way,

“ To tell us, we have won the day ;

“ CH-RL-M-NT, C-NN-LLY, O’N--L-,

“ And P-NS-NBY : thus ends my tale.”

Scarce

Scarce had he finished his narration,
 With usual eloquence and passion,
 When at the gate a noise was heard,
 Enough to waken NED the THIRD.

“ Is Hell broke loose? or what’s the matter,
 “ They cry’d; whence comes this devilish clatter?
 “ ’Tis like your H-GHN-SS staggering home,
 “ When the loud thunder shakes the dome;
 “ ’Tis like”—when pushes in fam’d L--nft-r,
 And pays his duty to the P----e, Sir.—
 The bevy follows at his heels;
 Strait to his post his H-ghn-fs reels,
 And high above the Conclave fate,
 Pre-eminent in Chair of State.

“ My name, (your H-ghn-fs) is F-TZG-R-LD;
 “ HIBERNIA chose me for her Herald,

“ In

“ In points of high deliberation,
 “ To signify the sense o’ th’ Nation,
 “ And give, in spite of contradiction,
 “ The R-G-NCY without restriction.

“ ’Tis well, my Lord, cries princely G----E,
 “ I’m glad you no Restrictions forge,
 “ Of which (on this side of the water),
 “ Some make a most confounded chatter.
 “ Much does it please me thus you’ve shewn,
 “ Your zeal and duty to the Throne,
 “ And by a grand Anticipation
 “ Set an example to the Nation.
 “ This honour, Sirs, I can’t refuse,
 “ Nor will your Confidence abuse:
 “ In proof I ne’er will swerve from this,
 “ I give you all my hand to kifs.

Hands kiss'd, and business fairly over,
 Their jaded spirits to recover,
 Straight was produc'd a rich Collation,
 The choicest viands of the Nation.
 This soon dispatch'd, spite of disaster,
 CH-RL-S takes the chair as grand Toastmaster:
 I give you—G----E the FOURTH—he said,
 The THIRD'S—POLITICALLY DEAD.
 But in the midst of all this hustle,
 Below stairs there was such a bustle,
 As set their crazy heads a thinking,
 And spoil'd their toasting and their drinking;
 Goldstick confirms the Doctor's news,
 And CH-RL-S, turn'd maudlin, groans and spews.

What follow'd need the Muse repeat?
 How G----E resum'd the regal feat?

While

While scowling Faction hides her head,
Loft in impenetrable shade!

What language, say, shall she employ,
Descriptive of the general Joy?

Or how unskill'd in lofty verse,
Those sacred, glorious Names rehearse,
Who nobly stay'd the tottering Throne,
And for it's safety—risk'd their own?

This Meed some happier Bard shall give,
Their deeds record, and bid them live,
To distant ages borne along,
The swift, impetuous tide of song;
While they who in his utmost need,
Deserted him whose Bounty fed;
Who heard unmov'd a Nation's moan,
And felt no sorrows but their own,

Hung up in high immortal verse
 Shall scare th' abhorring Universe;
 Recorded each detested name,
 And d—d to everlasting Fame.



